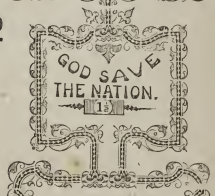
KINGDOM COMING.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by

HENRY C. WORK.

3



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Published by ROOT & CADY, 95 Clark St.

W. A. POND & CO. New York. | LEE & WALKER. Philadelphia. | H. TOLMAN & CO. Boston.

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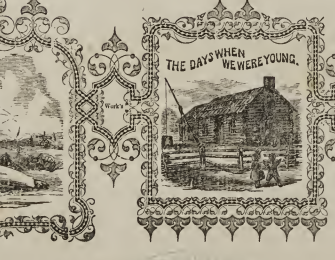

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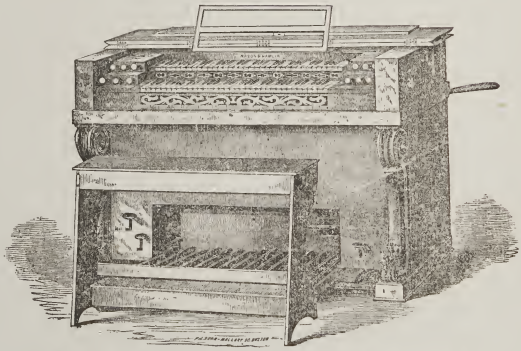

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CHICAGO.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE NORTH-WEST.

KINGDOM COMING.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

No. 10.

Piano-Forte.

1. Say, dar - keys, hab you seen de mas - sa, Wid de muff - stash on his face, Go long de road some time dis morn - in', Like he gwine to leab de place? He seen a smoke, way up de rib - ber, Whar de Link - um gum - boats lay; He took his hat, an' lef ber - ry sud - den, An' I

CHORUS.

Air.

spee he's run a - way! De mas - sa run? ha, ha! De dar - key stay? ho,

Alto.

Tenor.

De mas - sa run? ha, ha! De dar - key stay? ho,

Bass.

ho! It mus' be now de king - dom com - in', An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!

ho! It mus' be now de king - dom com - in', An' de year ob Ju - bi - lo!

Second Verse.

He six foot one way, two foot tud - der, An' he weigh tree hun - dred pound, His

coat so big, he couldn't pay de tail - or, An' it won't go half way round. He

drill so much dey call him Cap - 'an, An' he get so dref - ful tann'd, I

spec he try an' fool dem Yan - kees For to tink he's con - tra - band.

CHORUS.

Third Verse.

De dar - keys feel so lone - some lib - ing in de log - house on de lawn, Dey

move dar tings to mas - sa's par - lor For to keep it while he's gone. Dar's

wine an' ci - der in de kit - chen, An' de dar - keys dey'll hab some; I

spose dey'll all be corn - fis - ca - ted When de Lin - kum so - jers come. CHORUS.

Fourth Verse.

De o - ber - seer he make us trou - ble, An' he dribe us round a spell; We

lock him up in de smoke - house cel - lar, Wid de key trown in de well. De

whip is lost, de han' - cuff bro - ken, But de mas - sa 'll hab his pay; He's

ole e - nough, big e - nough, ought to known bet - ter Dan to went an' run a - way. CHORUS.

NEW MUSIC:

PUBLISHED BY

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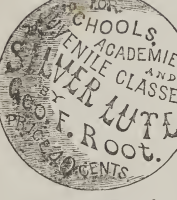

Uncle Sam's Funeral.

Song and chorus, by Silex; price 25 cents. Koy of A minor. Ranges to E above; sterling loyalty under a serio-comic guise. We can give the first verse, but can give no idea of the ludicrous effects produced by the whisting which follows each.

'Twas but littlo while ago, that the copperheads were fonnd,
With their great Vallandighammer, a hammering around,
And they tried to scare us with their doleful sound,
H'm, Ha, &c.

I'm Dying far from those I Love.

Song and chorus, by J. R. Thomas; price 30 cents. Key of E flat. Gocs as high as F. Not difficult, but requiring good taste and pure sympathetic voices.

I'm dying far from those I love!
No gentle voice my wsy to cheer;
How calmly would my breath depart,
If loving ones were only near.
No Mother's lips are on my brow,
But strangers watch my lonely bed;
And no one hero will shed a tear,
When I am lying cold and dead.

Just After the Battle.

Song and chorus, by Geo. F. Root; price 30 cents. Key of F. Ranges to E above. This song is a continuation of "Just Before the Battle, Mother," by the same author, and is of somewhat similar character.

Still upon the field of battle I am lying Mother dear
With my wounded comrades waiting for the morning to appear;
Oh the first great charge was fearful, and a thousand brave men fell,
Still amid the dreadful carnage, I was safe from shot and sbell;
Ob the glorious cheer of triumph, when the foemen turned and fled,
Leaving us the field of battle, strewn with dying and with dead.

I'se on De Way.

Two choruses with solo intermediate, by Wurzel; price 25 cents. Key of G minor. Goes up to F in chorus, but only to B flat in the solo, which may be taken by a low or alto voice. We would caution all pro-slavery people against singing this song, for we don't think they would like it.

Hail! all hail! I'se a'gwine to de Union army;
Hail! all hail! I'se on de way.

Brother Tell Me of the Battle.

Song and chorus, by Geo. F. Root; price 30 cents. Key of D. Goes up to E.

Brother, tell me of the battle,
How the soldiers fought and fell;
Tell me of the weary marches,
She who loves will listen well.
Brother, draw thee close beside me,
Lay your head upon my breast;
While you're telling of the battle,
Let your fevored forehead rest.

Columbia's Guardian Angels.

Song, refrain and chorus, and full chorus, by Henry C. Work; price 25 cents. Some one says "you may always be sure of something new when you get a song by Mr. Work." This will be found no exception to that rule. Key of G; Very effective and interesting. Goes to G above, and requires five voices in one place to produce its full effects.

The glorious trio, behold they are coming!
Their heralds are standing e'en now at your door:
Go tell the lone watchers of earth, they are coming
To bless us—bo with us—forsake us no more.

I stand on Memory's golden shore.

Song and quartette, by J. P. Webster; price 30 cents. Key of A flat. Ranges to E flat above. Requires pure and sympathetic tones.

Washington and Lincoln.

Song and chorus, by Henry C. Work; price 25 cents. Key of E♭. Medium range. An excellent piece of for the coming campaign, as well as for concert room or parlor.

"Come all ye people, O come let us tell
The story of Washington and Lincoln!
History's pages can never excel,
The story of Washington and Lincoln."

Vicksburg is Taken, Boys.

Song and chorus, by E. W. Hicks; price 25 cents. Key of C. Song goes to E above; chorus to G. Very spirited—a first rate song for all patriotic occasions. It was printed in the "Song Messenger" soon after the capture of Vicksburg, and has been so much called for that we have been obliged to issue it in sheet form.

Hurrah! boys, hurrah! shout glory and sing
For the traitors look sadly forsaken:
Our glorious old Eagle is yet on the wing,
And Vicksburg is taken, boys, taken.

Little Alice.

A ballad, by J. M. Hubbard; price 25 cents. Key of F. Going only to D above. Sweet and elegant.

Happy loving little Alice,
With her soft and sunny curls,
In the cottage or the palace,
She is still the queen of girls.

Now in the Ascendant!

Wm. B. Bradbury, with a world-wide reputation, abundance of capital, years of experience in the business, and commanding the most skillful workmen, commenced about two years ago the manufacture of pianos by himself. Such facilities, united with his well known ambition to excel, gave promise of success, which his lately perfected New Scale Piano has already more than realized. The numerous

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"Come Home, Father."

Words and music by Henry C. Work. Price 25 cents. A plaintive song, complete and effective for one voice, altho' there is an unusually fine chorus accompanying it, to please those who prefer it in that shape.

Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the shop,
As soon as your day's work was done.
Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark—
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,
And no ono to help her but me.

Bury the Brave where They Fall.

Song and quartette, by Lieut. H. L. Frisbie; prico 30 cents. Key of A flat (four flats). Ranges to E♭ above, and, in the chorus, to A flat below, and requires impressive tones and enunciation.

Thou sleep on, soft be thy repose,
And green be the turf on thy breast;
The glorious stars of our banner shall watch
O'er the graves where our heroes rest.

She Sleeps beneath the Elms.

Song and chorus, by J. P. Webster; price 30 cents. Key of A (three sharps). ranges to E above; movement *andante sostenuto*, and requires pure and sympathetic tones. The accompaniment occasionally touches the relative minor.

My darling sleeps beneath the lofty elms,
Where song-birds warble in their leafy homes.

Beautiful Child of Song.

Solo, by S. C. Foster; price 25 cents. Key of D minor (one flat). Ranges to F above. Six-eight time. Beautiful changes to major in the harmony, accompaniment moderately difficult.

Come, for the spell of a fairy,
Dwells in thy magical voice.

Will you come to meet Me, Darling.

Song and quartette, by G. F. Root; price 30 cents. Key of E flat (three flats). Ranges to E flat above; movement, *andantino*; accompaniment simple in the rhythm, but somewhat changeful and peculiar in harmony. In the chorus the melody is sustained and the other voices marcato in the first half—all joining together in the close.

When my feet have grown too weary,
Farther on to press their way,
When my spirit waits the bidding
To be severed from its clay,
I shall need some hand to guide me
O'er the dark and flowing tide;
Will you come to meet me, darling,
When I reach the river side?

Ah, He kissed Me when He left Me.

Song and chorus, by Lillia Dowling. Key of E flat. Ranges to E flat above. Beautiful rhythmic movement, and plaintive and touching in the melody.

Ah he kissed me when he left me,
And his parting words remain
Treasured deep within my bosom,
"Dearest, we shall meet again."

Corporal Schnapps.

Song and chorus, by Henry C. Work; price 30 cents. Key of D (two sharps) Ranges to E above. Serio-comic, and requires good descriptive powers, in voice, pronunciation, and manner.

Mine heart ish proken into little pits.
I tells you, friend, what for:
Mine schweet-heart, von coot patriotic kal,
She trives me off mit der war.
I fights for her der pattles of te flag—
I schtrikes so prave as I can:
Put now long time she nix remempers me,
And coes mit another man.

Chorus.—Ah! mine fraulein!
You ish so fery unkind!
You coes mit Hans to Zhermany to live,
And leaves poor Schnapps pehind.

All Hail to Ulysses.

Song and chorus in honor of General Grant, by Chas. Haynes; price 30 cents. With lithograph portrait title, 50 cents. Key of B flat. Ranges to F above. Bold movement, and requires trumpet tones.

All hail to Ulysses, the patriot's friend—
The hero of battles renowned;
He has won the bright laurel,
Its garland he wears;
And his name thro' the world we will sound.

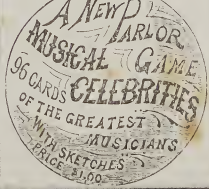
Just before the Battle, Mother.

Song and chorus, by Geo. F. Root; price 30 cents. Key of E♭. Tender and beautiful.

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view:
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Fill'd with thoughts of home and God,
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Sleeping for the Flag.

Song and chorus, by Henry C. Work; price 25 cents. Touching and tender, of deep interest to those whose brothers are resting on the battle field.

When our boys come home in triumph, brother,
With the laurels they shall gain;
When we go to give them welcome, brother,
We shall look for you in vain.
Wo shall wait for your returning, brother,
Though we know it cannot be;
For your comrades left you sleeping, brother,
Underneath a southern tree.

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